

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, — Editor and Proprietor  
T. R. WALTON, — Business Manager

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—  
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scription, except to make change, and then of de-  
nominations not over three cents.

The Bad Boy and His Pa Go to the Exposition.

"What was the doctor at your house for this morning?" asked the grocer man. "Is it your ma sick?"

"No, ma is worth two in the bush. It's pa that aint well. He is having some trouble with his digestion. You see, he went to the Exposition with me, as guide, and that is enough to ruin any man's digestion. Pa is near sighted, and he said he wanted me to go along and show him things. Well, I never had so much fun since pa fel out of the boat. First, I made him jump clear across the aisle, there where the stuffed tigers are, by the fur place. I told him the keeper was just coming along with some meat to feed the animals, and when they smelled the meat they just clawed things. He run against a showcase, and then wanted to go away. He said he traveled with a circus when he was young, and no one know the dangers of fooling around wild animals better than he did. Well, you would a died to see pa there by the furniture place, where they have got beautiful beds and chairs. There was one chair under a glass case, all velvet, and a sign over it telling people to keep their hands off. Pa asked me what the sign was, and I told him it said ladies and gentlemen are requested to sit in the chairs and try them. Pa climbed over the railing and was just going to sit down on the glass showcase over the chair, when one of the walk around fellows with police hats took him by the collar and yanked him back over the railing, and was going to kick pa's pants. Pa was mad to have his coat collar pulled up over his head, and have the set of his coat spoiled, and he was going to sass the man, when I told pa the man was a lunatic from the asylum, that was on exhibition, and pa wanted to go away from there. He said he didn't know what they wanted to exhibit lunatics for. We went up stairs to the pancake bazar, where they broil pancake out of self rising flour, and put butter and sugar on them and give them away. Pa said that he could eat more pancakes than any man out of jail, and wanted me to get him some. I took a couple of pancakes and tore out a piece of the lining of my coat and put it between the pancakes and handed them to pa, with a paper around the pancakes. Pa didn't notice the paper on the cloth, and it would have made you laugh to see him chew on them. I told him I guessed he didn't have as good teeth as he used to, and he said, "Never you mind the teeth," and he kept on till he had swallowed the whole business, but he said he guessed he didn't want any more. But I thought I should split when pa wanted a drink of water. I asked him if he would rather have mineral water, and he said he guessed it would take the strongest kind of mineral water to wash down them pancakes, so I took him to where the fire extinguishers are and got him to take the nozzle of the extinguisher in his mouth, and I turned the faucet. I don't think he got more than a quart of the stuff out of the saleratus machine down him, but he reared right up and said he'd be condemned if he believed that water was ever intended to drink, and he felt as though he could burst, and just then the man who kicked the big organ struck up, and the building shook, and I guess pa thought he had busted. The most fun was when we came along to where the wax woman dressed up to kill, and she looks just as natural as if she could breathe. She has a handkerchief in her hand, and as we come along I told pa there was a lady that seemed to know him. Pa is on the mask himself, and he looked at her, and smiled, and he said good evening, and asked us who she was. I told him it looked to me like the girl that sings in the choir at our church, and pa said course it is, "Pretty good show, isn't it," and put out his hand to shake hands with her, but the woman who tends the staid came along, and thought pa was drunk, and said, "Old gentleman, I guess you had better get out of here. This is for ladies only." Pa excused himself to the wax woman, and said he would see her later. — [Milwaukee Sun.]

*Shylock Attorneys.*  
The Henry County Local answers the Governor as follows:

"In conversation with Governor Blackburn the other day, a reporter of the Courier-Journal called his attention to the fact that Commonwealth's Attorney, C. J. Bronton, intended to test the right of the Governor to grant pardons in cases that have not been brought to trial. The Governor replied that he was glad of it and if it was decided adversely to the right he had been exercising, it would save him a great deal of worry and trouble and no little responsibility in discrimination between a proper and improper appeal. It would also give him an opportunity of showing to the people of Kentucky the absolute necessity of paying prosecuting attorneys a salary instead of a percentage of the fines. As the law now stands there will be unjust and unnecessary litigation, and innocent persons prosecuted who have had no intention of violating the law, and it is very proper that there should be some power to protect these people from the rapacity of some of the Shylock prosecutors of the State." We are glad the Governor has delivered himself so freely on this very important subject. For his course in delivering portions so indiscriminately in this county has vexed and disgusted our citizens beyond measure. And now it appears that in the intensity of his amability and self-righteousness he is not willing that the ravenous Commonwealth's Attorneys should deal with his pets, although they are subject to the controlling influences of the courts and the intervention of juries. No, they're all so corrupt and avaricious that he can't trust them. But he, the immaculate, infallible Governor alone is just and merciful enough to deal with the dainty violators of the law. His statement is a direct insult to the judiciary. Commonwealth's Attorneys and the juries of the State and is absurdly absurd as anything could be. In the first place, Commonwealth's Attorneys get nothing for prosecuting felonies or any other case where there is not a fine imposed. And yet how many murderers and thieves have gone scot-free under his pardons without ever having had a final trial. In the next place his talk about discrimination is laughable in the extreme. In the last four years quite a number of fines have been imposed by the inferior courts of this county, and yet through his interference, not one of them amounting to as much as \$20, has ever been collected. As an evidence of his discrimination, one instance that occurred in this county during this year will doubtless be quite interesting. The county Attorney prosecuted before the Justice's court at Pleasureville, on the same day, three druggists for keeping tipping houses. Two of them plead guilty to that charge, and the third confessed judgment for retailing spirituous liquors, and yet with all the Governor's solicitude about proper discrimination he pardoned all three of those parties. In fact this thing has been carried so far that violators of the law, in this county have definitely told the officers of the law that they care nothing for their prosecutions, that the Governor will remit their fines, and so he has always done. The Governor need not trouble himself about the change in regard to attorneys' salaries. If his administration were to continue a few years longer there would not be any need for attorneys.

His course would virtually abolish the courts and especially the inferior ones, so far as criminal matters are concerned. The same facts exist elsewhere and the same complaints come from other parts of the State, but overriding all protests no matter how vigorous or just they may be, our arrogant and self-righteous old Governor continues to pardon criminals, and then has the temerity and impudence to excuse himself by casting the censure on what he sees fit to term the "Shylock" prosecuting attorneys.

**THE BUSINESS MANAGER.**—Once upon a time a Printer was heard to concede that the Business Manager of the Office in which he toiled was a High Minded and Liberal gentleman. Whereupon there was much Agitation among the Angels in Heaven, for Louis Udevitch of Troy bargained to buy Louis Cohen's heavenly claim for \$150, but Cohen backed out of the agreement, and the result was a frantic search for Udevitch to jail.

The Western Union, the company which owns the principal telegraph lines of the United States, increased its number of miles of wire from 231,634 in 1880 to 374,294 in 1881. The wires operated by that company would reach sixteen times around the world.

*Only a Woman's Hair.*  
Husband comes  
Home at night;  
Gone a kiss;  
That's all right,  
Playful wife  
On his knee,  
Hugs and talks,  
Waiting tea.  
Bubble start!  
And a stare;  
On his coat  
Sees a hair!  
Color red—  
Her is black—  
Sole and tears,  
Fury, 'twink!  
Husband goes  
Out at night;  
Won't come back  
Till he's tight.

*A Breath of Fire.*

Dr. L. C. Woodman, of Paw Paw, Michigan, contributes the following interesting though incredible observation: I have a singular phenomenon in the shape of a young man living here, that I have studied with much interest, and I am satisfied that his peculiar power demonstrates that electricity is the nerve force beyond dispute. His name is Wm. Underwood, aged 27 years, and his gift is that of generating fire through the medium of his breath, assisted by manipulations with his hands. He will take any body's handkerchief, and hold it to his mouth, rub it vigorously with his hands while breathing on it, and immediately it bursts into flames and burns until consumed. He will strip, and rinse out his mouth thoroughly, wash his hands, and submit to the most rigid examination to preclude the possibility of any burning bug, and then by his breath blow upon any paper or cloth, envelop it in flame. He will, when out gunning and without matches, desirous of a fire, lie down after collecting dry leaves, and by breathing on them start the fire and then coolly take off his wet stockings and dry them. It is impossible to persuade him to do it more than twice in a day, and the effort is attendant with the most extreme exhaustion. He will sink into a chair after doing it, and on one occasion, after he had a newspaper on fire as narrated, I placed my hand on his head and discovered his scalp to be violently twitching as if under intense excitement. He will do it any time, no matter where he is, under any circumstances, and I have repeatedly known of his sitting back from the dinner table, taking a swallow of water, and by blowing on his napkin, at once set it on fire. He is ignorant, and says that he first discovered his strange power by inhaling and exhaling on a perfumed handkerchief that suddenly burned white in his hands. It is certainly no humbug, but what is it? Does physiology give a like instance, and if so, where?—[Michigan Medical News.]

*Walked.*  
"That butter came from the North" said the landlady of an Arkansas boarding house. "I don't use the common butter of this country on my table. All my butter comes from a distance."

"Does it walk?" asked a boarder.

"What did you say, sir?"

"I ask does your butter walk in making the journey?"

"No sir," said the lady with a sweet, sad smile, "but I hope that you can walk," and she opened the door.

"Why madam, I have paid you three weeks in advance."

"It makes no difference. No man who insults my butter can remain under my roof. You dined with my daughter and abused my husband, and I took it all in good part, but, sir, as you have passed the limit of my endurance, leave this place!"

"Madam, feeling that I am outnumbered, I'll leave. It is not in your power to put me out, and that but for the fact that you might call your masculine friend there," pointing to the butter. "I'd contest the matter, but as it is, I surrender. Good day."

[—Arkansas Traveler.]

The doctrine is held by a few Polish Jews that a good man may go to hell upon Ileaven. This belief is based on the Rabbinical proverb, "Good deeds buy the future world," which is interpreted by most Jews to mean that by doing good one may secure for himself happy immortality. Harris Udevitch of Troy bargained to buy Louis Cohen's heavenly claim for \$150, but Cohen backed out of the agreement, and the result was a frantic search for Udevitch to jail.

It appears by the Secretary's report that, the available naval force of the United States consists of thirty-seven cruisers, fourteen single-turreted monitors, built during the rebellion, a large number of smooth bore guns and Parrot rifles, and 87 rifled cannon.

*An Honest Confession.*  
The Courier-Journal says it would be a very excellent idea for the republicans to adopt the statement and confession recently made by the King of Corea and then retire to private life. The King's confession fits the republicans party exactly. He said:

"I have been for seventeen years at the head of the nation, although I was wanting in ability. My administration has been a failure, and abuses have arisen in the government through my fault. I repent, but it is too late. Since I occupied the throne I have made many improvements in roads and other things, but both rich and poor have to suffer under the burden. This is my sin. I have often altered the currency and sacrificed the interests of the people. This is my sin. Bribery has been carried on publicly. The complaints of the victimized have not reached my ear. This is my sin. The taxes have been exorbitant and the business of the people ruined. This is my sin. I am ashamed to come before the people again. I will purify my mind and repeat my former misdoings."

The following is the toughest bear story that we have encountered: "A man in New Jersey, having no weapon and being attacked by a bear, struck him with a bottle of kerosene oil, which broke and the contents ran down the animal like the oil on Aaron's beard. The bear not minding this at all, sprang at him and began hugging him, when the man, taking a match from his pocket set fire to the bear. All but the head and shoulders were soon consumed, when, in order to save the head and get the bounty, the man carried water in his hat and extinguished the flames."

A Paris actress avers that each perfume has its special moral and physical qualities, which—so far as her observations have gone—she states as follows: Musk predisposes to sensibility and amiability; rose, to audacity, avarice and pride; geranium, to tenderness; violet, to mysticism and piety; benzoin, to dreams, poetry and inconstancy; mint and verbena, to a taste for the beautiful arts; camphor, to stupidity and brutality; Russia leather, to indolence; while ylang-ylang is the most dangerous of all.

A well-known American actor once said to a stranger, who had just made a most impudent and exasperating request, that he would grant it upon one condition. "What is it?" asked the stranger. "You must first promise me faithfully that you will never, never stand on your head, for, if you do, the weight of your gall will surely break your neck."

No matter how shattered the system may be from excesses of any kind, the Great German Invigorator will secure health and happiness. See advertisement. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Stanford.

**FOR SALE!**

Having decided to remove to Texas, I offer for sale my

**Residence & Business House,**

Combined in one, situated in the town of Crab Orchard, Ky., on Main street, one-half mile from the river, contains in all eight rooms. The store-room is 20x40, with counter and shelving already properly arranged, with all the outfitting needed to conduct a general grocery and hardware store. The rest of the rooms, fathoms and an abundance of pure water for drinking and household purposes, beautiful shade and fruit trees, and a fine lawn. The house is in a good and healthy condition. Any one desiring a cheap yet valuable residence, among a clever and prosperous people, would do well to call and ascertain the price before purchasing elsewhere. Terms reasonable.

**RICHMOND PLANING MILLS!**

I have recently opened in Richmond a large and complete Planing Mill, and am prepared to furnish every kind of

**BUILDERS' MATERIAL!**

—INCLUDING—

**Weatherboarding, Flooring,**

**Doors, Sash, Blinds, Laths,**

**Shingles, Moldings, Stair-**

**ways, &c.**

As I sell all species such as the above articles can be bought in Louisville, Cincinnati, or other well-known cities.

I am sure I can make it to your advantage to patronize house institutions. I am also practical

**ARCHITECT,**

And am prepared to furnish designs and estimates for buildings and all kinds of scroll work.

That I am doing no small business, and can judge

from the fact that my business account runs

Contracting and building done promptly and at

living prices. Address C. S. STAFFORD.

70-foot-lots.

JOHN F. STRODE.

**CONDENSED TIME.**

NOV. 28, 1882.

EX. SBS.

Lvs. Richmond..... 8 45 e.m.

Lvs. Lancaster..... 8 50 "

Lvs. Philadelphia..... 8 55 "

Lvs. Livingstone..... 8 90 "

Crab Orchard..... 9 07 "

Harrisburg..... 9 12 "

Shelby Co., Ky..... 10 13 "

Danville Junction..... 10 15 "

Mitchellsburg..... 10 42 "

New Haven..... 12 03 "

At Lebanon Junction..... 1 15 "

At Cincinnati Junction..... 8 10 "

At Louisville..... 3 15 "

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

NOV. 28, 1882.

EX. Sun.

Lvs. Louisville..... 8 85 a.m.

Lvs. Standard..... 2:00 P.M.

Lvs. Philadelphia..... 3:00 P.M.

At Lebanon Junction..... 4:00 P.M.

At Cincinnati Junction..... 4:00 P.M.

At Louisville..... 5:00 P.M.

PULLMAN PALACE CARS

To Memphis, Little Rock, Mobile, Montgomery, and New Orleans.

Emigrants to Texas have their choice of routes via Memphis or via New Orleans. Time much quicker and rates lower than by any other route. It is also the

QUIKEST, CHEAPEST AND BEST

ROUTE TO THE WEST.

ROUTE TO THE WEST

STANFORD, KY.

Tuesday Morning, December 12, 1882

W. P. WALTON, - - - EDITOR

Double Number.

The annual double number of the *Interior Journal* will be issued on the 19th of this month. We publish it thus early to meet the wishes of the advertisers who desire to especially call attention to their Christmas goods &c. The edition will be an extra large one and the paper will be a single sheet just twice the size of this one. It will contain besides the usual quota of local and general news, several sketches by good writers, who will write on subjects that are sure to be interesting. The issue will not interfere with the regular publication during Christmas week or any other time for

*"Men may come and men may go,  
But we go on forever."*

THE Arlington estate in Alexandria county, Va., which was confiscated by the government as the property of Gen. R. E. Lee, has been decided by the Supreme Court to be illegally held from its proper heirs. The property consists of 1,100 acres and the government has converted it into a huge Cemetery, where the bones of 19,000 Federal soldiers have been collected and interred. As in its present condition it is entirely worthless to its lawful owners, the only thing that can be done is to have it appraised and paid for, together with damages that have been sustained by reason of its being illegally held. Slowly but surely many of the tyrannical acts perpetrated while men's passions had the best of their reason, are being righted and cruel war measures swept from the statute books.

The negro can never secure his rights as an office holder as well as a voter unless he demands them and stands by his own color in an election. But he won't do it; on the contrary he seems to prefer any "onery white cues" to them. The recent elections in Virginia and elsewhere prove this, for Rev. J. W. Dawson, an intelligent and worthy colored man got only 4,342 votes for Congressman-at-large, notwithstanding more than half of the voters in that State are negroes.

The sage the Glasgow *Times* struck centre when he remarked that "being a church member hasn't as much religious nutriment in it as a cup of white sassafras tea after the sap rises, if a man doesn't pay his honest debts, if he is able. The man who contracts honest debts and doesn't pay them can't fool the Almighty by his hypocritical prayer or being found on the front bench at church. The honest man pays his debt when he can, and a true christian is always on honest man."

THE Nelson Record has information from headquarters that the Kentucky Mutual Benefit Matrimonial Association of Lexington is "unauthorized and illegal under the laws of the State." We make this note so that the fool who would part with his money may not do so with his eyes shut.

It seems preposterous that in these piping times of peace the Secretary of War should have the gall to ask for \$38,897,620.34 to expend during the coming fiscal year, especially since the estimates do not include any item for improving rivers and harbors or any work of that nature.

The Louisville *Democrat* has entered its thirteenth year with even muddier prospects than ever. Brother Bell is to be congratulated on founding and placing on such a solid basis a paper that sticks so closely to the traditions and principles of the immortal Jefferson.

THE State officers of Virginia under the Mahone regime are a sweet-scented set. The Auditor of Public Accounts has been indicted for malfeasance in office and several others of the crowd are suspected of embezzlement and will be investigated.

**NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.**

—Out of 522 convicts in the Alabama penitentiary but 67 are whites.

—Phil. Thompson failed to get his bill through Congress to re-establish the Soldier's Home at Harrodsburg.

—There are 184 ladies studying medicine at the Michigan University, where John D. White's sister matriculated.

—A suit has been instituted against the Willard Hotel Lottery and it is hoped that the policy holders may get their rights.

—Louisville raised in six days \$106,710 of the \$200,000 necessary to assure the success of the great Southern Expedition to occur there next year.

—According to the Commonwealth, the total receipts of the Register of the Land Office during the last fiscal year were just \$21,821 less than the pay of the officers who run it.

—U. S. Bonds to the amount of \$900,000 were burned Friday, by order of the Secretary. They were a bequest from J. L. Lewis, who wanted to help that much in extinguishing the U. S. debt.

—Shenandoah County, Va., has a special "dog tax," which this year, after paying the owners liberally for all the sheep killed by them, shows a surplus of over \$300. Such a law would be hailed with delight by the sheep raisers here, but they will never get it along so would politicians are elected to the Legislature.

—Mr. McPherson, Clerk of the House of Representatives, has made an estimate as to how the next House will stand. He figures it that there will be an overall majority of fifty-nine Democrats. It is having considerable difficulty in classifying the Independents. The following are his figures: Democrats, 101; Republicans, 121; Readjusters, 6; Independent Democrats, 4; Independent Republicans, 2.

—Will Porter for murder and robbery at Perry, Ga.; Gustave Paul for killing his mistress, at Donidionville, La.; Bud Younger, for the murder of another negro at Swinboro, Ga., and Albert Sanders, etc., at Charleston, Mo., for killing his rival in a love affair, were choked to death to satisfy the outraged law Friday. They all went, according to their assertions, straight home to glory, though it is thought by some that the devil was not so easily robbed of his own.

**Railroad Meeting.**

A large and enthusiastic meeting was held at McKinney on Saturday, Dec. 9th, to take into consideration the granting of the rights of way through Lincoln county to the Cincinnati, Green River and Nashville Railroad. D. W. Vandevere, Chairman of the Railroad Committee for said county, being present, called the meeting to order. The following additional members of the committee were also present, to-wit: Dwight Root, Dr. Samuel Hocker, Captain John O. Neal, K. L. Tenner, F. M. Ware, James I. McKinney, W. H. Miller and G. H. McKinney. The Chairman explained the object of the call of the meeting, and subsequently delivered a very able address in support of the call. He was followed by W. H. Miller, F. M. Ware, Hon. T. W. Varnon and Col. Charles H. Roach, all of whom delivered able speeches imparting much valuable information touching this great proposed public improvement.

G. W. McKinney offered the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted:

**Resolved.** That the Honorable County Court of Lincoln county, be hereby requested to appropriate the proceeds arising from the tax received from the Railroad now completed and running through Lincoln county for the term of three years or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay for the right of way of any Railroad that may be located from Richmond Junction through the county in the direction of Nashville, Tennessee.

**Resolved, further.** That we the tax payers of McKinney and vicinity, hereby pledge ourselves to endorse the action of the Honorable County Court in making the appropriate resolution for the purpose aforesaid.

The proceedings had at the meeting give very general satisfaction, and the meeting then adjourned amidst the greatest enthusiasm.

D. W. VANDEVERE, Chmn.

G. H. MCKINNEY, Secy.

**"PRAISE THE LORD."**

WATERFORD, SARATOGA Co., N. Y.,

December 4, 1882.]

Dear Interior:

The nipping cold of a Northern winter is upon us. Now we find out the common sense of having a large "Coal burner" in our little room, which is about 18 by 12. When we first came we thought this fiery monster would be the death of us, almost. We did not understand the management of it, and wrestle with it as we would the heat steadily got away with us. But to-day we welcome all its warmth, and would not have it a size less for any thing in reason. Nothing but stoves, and good ones, will do in this country.

Open fire places are a mockery. The rich have them for the looks of the thing, the comforting heat being furnished by a furnace in the basement. And we are a long ways North of the Norwich latitude, and have an invitation to Oswego 145 miles still N. W., where, we can have yet more lively idea of the private life of a Greenlander than ever here. But it is good, wholesome cold, and well wrapped, one does not mind it much.

Yesterday, the severity of the weather thinned our congregation, and there were only two or three children attending the afternoon service. But ten were present.

At night, after the people had been dismissed with the announcement from Bro. Thompson that the meeting would continue until the middle of the week, he told me that the "official board" at its session Monday had decided to close the meeting at the end of the second week, unless there was a "break." But for the hungry sheep of the flock, I would have closed, as soon as I learned this, for if the thing is decided upon, one had better go out before turning out. Well we have a new experience of humanity at every stage. This will be the first time we have been stopped without consulting us. We take it, as every thing, easily and without grumbling.

Col. Sam. M. Burdett's friends here are anxious to have him remove to this place, which he will probably do.

—Mr. James Totten, of Lowell, this county, will wed to-morrow Miss Lizzie, the pretty daughter of Mr. J. C. Bryan, of Lincoln.

—Mrs. Elijah Harris is having a very handsome monument erected over the grave of her husband. It will be 15 feet high and of Italian granite.

Now is your time to buy cheap goods. I want to close out by Jan. 1st. Don't fail to call and get bargains when goods must be sold. I must have what is due me by Jan. 1st. Geo. A. Feathers.

—A. O. Burnside sold in Lexington last week a car-load of hemp at \$5 per cwt. This is the first Garrard hemp that has been sold. The price is considered good for the time of year.

—Largest stock jewelry and silverware of any jewelry house in Central Kentucky. Solid silver spoons a specialty, in fine airtight cases, for presents. J. C. Thompson, Lancaster, Ky., Palace Jeweler.

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—Wm. Green, of Cincinnati, bought of James H. West 20 head of 1,635-lb. cattle at 61 cents. Poncy Beasley sold to Jesse Fox 4 cattle averaging about 1,600 lbs. at 61 cents, and a yoke of oxen, weighing about three thousand pounds, 41 cents.

—Miss Mollie Burdette is visiting Miss Kate Edele at Maxwell Springs. Miss Maude Richardson, of Somerset, is a guest of Miss Jennie Sweeney. Mr. Joe Swope and wife, of the Bright neighborhood, have gone on a visit to relatives in Marion county.

—Just received a large stock of French glass and immobile bouquets and Bohemian glass and decorated vases in all colors, with or without silver mountings. Remember the place—J. C. Thompson, Lancaster, Ky.

—Something new in Clocks. You can tell time at night without a light. Face self-illuminating. Largest stock of Bronze and French Gold Clocks with globes, for parlor use; nice for Christmas and Holiday presents. Palace Jewelry Store, J. C. Thompson's, Lancaster, Ky.

—KILLED.—Another killing is added to Garrard's list, and Wm. Casy, of Madison is the victim. He was perhaps 40 years of age and was a widower for the second time, his last wife having died last May. Apparently desirous of becoming a Benedict again, he commenced some time since to pay his devotions to Miss Pauline East, a pretty young girl of 15 and of good family, who lived with her father on Back Creek, near Teaterville. The family was greatly opposed to the match and intimated as much to Casy. He however, succeeded in turning the girl's head and final-

ly induced her to leave with him for some unknown place. They were gone for several days, returning on Saturday last, still unheralded. This increased the family more than ever and about 11 o'clock Sunday, Owen East, a brother of the misguided girl, it is reported, seeing Casy across the way at Mr. Sebastian's, called to him to come over. He came over and a few words passed, when East struck him a blow on the head, laying him out. Mr. Wilson who lived with East, shortly after called to Sebastian to come over and get Casy, which he did and about 6 o'clock that evening he died. The doctors say that the exterior table of the skull was not injured, but the interior was to such an extent as to cause the most severe hemorrhage.

At last accounts no inquest had been held and no steps taken to secure the arrest of East.

T. C. BARNUM.

ST. CLAIR, TENN., Nov. 28, 1882. **Dear Brethren.**—Had one confession and one unconfessed last night. The M. E. pastor was there and just after the benediction he arose and calling the attention of the people, denounced me for having no license and for my doctrine. The people began to leave the house. I told them to come back to-night in the name of the Lord. I did not get excited at all. Things are going on the Lord's way. The people condemn the pastor for his conduct. I slept better last night than usual. Praise the Lord. Yours in Him,

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# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

STANFORD, KY.

Tuesday Morning, December 12, 1852

## SCANDINAVIAN HONESTY.

The traveler in Sweden and Norway see many customs which indicate that the people are unusually courteous and honest. At the railway dining stations, a large table is set in the center of a spacious room. Upon it are displayed a variety of tempting dishes and piles of warm plates with knives, forks and napkins.

The passengers enter without confusion, walk around the central table, select what dishes they like best, and then seat themselves at little marble tables scattered in the room. Every person, remembering that his neighbor may fancy the dish of which he partakes, helps himself with moderation. For the dinner a fixed sum is charged, about 39 cents; but, wine, beer and coffee being extra, the guest tells how much of each he has drunk. His word is taken without question, as no one watches him.

On board the steamboats three meals a day are served, which, however, are included in the price of the passage. After each meal, the passenger who has partaken writes his name in a large book and records under it what he has eaten or drunk.

When he is ready to go ashore, he calls one of the waiters—a girl—who puts the price against every item, adds up the amount, and puts the sum she receives into her pocket. When the money becomes too heavy she gives it, without counting, to the stewardess.

All is left to the honesty of the people. Instead of this confidence begiting laxity, it makes one careful to pay to the airtight penny. His honor is at stake, therefore he feels obliged to be very particular.

Mr. Du Chailly tells of a servant girl who brought him a gold locket, which he had dropped on the kitchen floor the previous evening, while displaying his curiosities.

"Why did you not keep it?" he said, playfully.

"How then," she answered, "could I ever walk erect, and look people in the face?"

I once attended a dinner given to a great statesman by functionaries—men of law, state and trade. The guest was a great man in his own country, and an honored diplomatist in this. His health was drunk with some acknowledgment of his distinguished services to both countries, and followed by nine cold huzzahs. There was the vicarious superlative. Then the great official spoke and beat his breast, and declared that he should remember this honor to the latest moment of his existence. He was answered again by officials. Pity, thought I, they should lie so about their keen sensibility to the nine cold huzzahs and to the commonplace compliment of a dinner. Men of the world value truth, in proportion to their ability, not by its sacredness, but for its convenience. Of such, especially of diplomats, one has a right to expect wit and ingenuity to lie, if they must comply with the form. Now, I had been present, a little before, in the country at a cattle-show dinner, which followed an agricultural discourse delivered by a farmer; the discourse, to say the truth, was bad; and one of our village fathers gave at the dinner this toast: "The orator of the day: his subject deserves the attention of every farmer." The cantion of the toast did honor to our village father, I wish great lords and diplomats had as much respect for truth.—*Youth's Companion*.

## IT DEPENDS ON THE RAIL.

"Eels is bitin' very good this winter," observed a Newtown man to the *Eagle's* cashier as he fished around in his pocket for a marriage notice and paid the expense of insertion.

"Catch many?" asked the cashier, checking the notice.

"Doin' pretty well, pretty well," replied the old man. "I ketched one on the other day that was considerable cel. Ye see I went to the crick in the mornin' and cut a hole in the ice and dropped the hook. In about a minute I known I had a bite and I went for him. When I'd got ten yards of him out I began—" "Got what?" demanded the cashier.

"Ten yards of him. Ye see, I couldn't tell how big he was goin' to be, so I just pulled his head over my shoulder and streaked for home, only a mile. Then I followed along back to the hole, and he wasn't all out yet!"

"How big was he?" asked the cashier, with round eyes and standing hair.

"Hold on till I tell ye. Then I takes another grip on him and reaches for home again, but that didn't seem to fetch the whole of him. Well, sir, I traveled between the house and the hole all day long, and when I got him out he made a coil on my farm a quarter of a mile in diameter and 400 yards high! Fact, sir! I tell ye he was considerable eel!"

"What kind of bait do you usually use for that size of eel?" asked the cashier, sarcastically.

"Whisky," replied the Newtown man. "I used three pints of whisky on that eel. Drank it the night before, you know!"

The result of which was that his marriage notice went into the death column, and the cashier sat around and chewed his nails all day.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

## TOPNOODY SQUELCHED.

Mrs. Topnoody was much agitated over the reports of small-pox, and the other evening when Mr. Topnoody came in she said:

"Mr. Topnoody, are there any now cases of small-pox?"

"Yes, dear," he replied, serenely.

"Oh, where are they?"

"In Pittsburgh, dear."

"Indeed? Have you been vaccinated?"

"Yes, dear, but I'm not afraid anyway. The small-pox has to much sense to take a big strong man like me."

"Oh, it has, has it? Well, Topnoody, I wish I had been the small-pox when I was young."

"Why, dear, I thought you feared it mortally?"

"I know it, Topnoody; but if I'd been the small-pox then maybe I would have had too much sense to take you, too."

Then she looked at him with that cool, insidious significance of a woman who has a man where the hair is short, and Topnoody got up and went out into the kitchen to start a fire.—*Steubenville Herald*.

## TWO DISTINGUISHED TRAVELERS.

Two young ladies of Terre Haute were returning from California. The parlor car they were in was crowded with passengers. At a small station a woman in showy attire entered and demanded a whole section of sleeping car. It was not to be had, and the conductor, brakeman, porter and cook, who seemed to be impressed with the new passenger's importance, were all painfully exercised to know where to put her. They looked at the other passengers with scorn, and seemed, without exactly asking, to demand an apology for their appearance in the car where they had paid for rights and privileges. The cars of all this commotion was very blonde, very large, very richly clothed and very swell. When it seemed impossible to get her a whole section, or even half, one who turned to the young ladies and said: "Will you consent to take the upper berth of your section and let me have the lower?"

"Sorry we can't oblige you," replied one of the pink-cheeked fairies; "but we prefer to keep the lower berth ourselves."

Then the big blonde straightened herself up, threw ineffable contempt and superhuman importance into her pale eyes and said: "Perhaps you don't know who I am?"

"No, we don't," replied the Terre Haute girl, in a tone of serene indifference.

"I will tell you," said the woman of silks and jewels, as her face bloomed and warmed with self-satisfaction; "I am Mrs. Colonel Dunlevy Wickersham" (Dunlevy Wickersham is known all along that end of the road as a bonanza man—bundles of money—so much that he needs nothing more).

"Are you, indeed?" replied the Hoosier maiden, not at all overwhelmed.

"Perhaps you don't know who I am?" Mademo Bonanza's face said that she didn't, and also that she had some curiosity.

"Well, I am Mrs. General Grant." "And I," said her companion, who had hitherto kept silent, "am Queen Victoria."

Mademo Bonanza subsided.—*Indianapolis Review*.

## THE SUPERLATIVE AT PUBLIC DINNERS.

I once attended a dinner given to a great statesman by functionaries—men of law, state and trade. The guest was a great man in his own country, and an honored diplomatist in this. His health was drunk with some acknowledgment of his distinguished services to both countries, and followed by nine cold huzzahs. There was the vicarious superlative.

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Later in the day Bob was called, but he could not remember what it was.

"Now," said the master, "I have a way to impress it upon your mind so you cannot forget it. Now, Bob, we have a horse in the stable; what do we call it?"

"Jennie."

"Correct, and we have a little girl in the kitchen, what do we call her?"

"Sis."

"Very well. Now, put the two together and you have Jennie-Sis—Gennies. I think you can remember it until tomorrow."

"Yes, sah."

The next morning Bob was summoned to appear before his master.

"Good-morning, Bob. Can you give me the name of the first book in the Bible this morning?"

"Yes, sah."

"Well, what is it?"

"De ole hoss, sah."

## BREWERIES.

The number of breweries in Great Britain in 1850 was 23,114; in Germany, 23,940; in the United States, 3,293; in France, 3,100; in Belgium, 2,500; in Austria-Hungary, 2,207; in Holland, 560; in Russia, 460; in Norway and Switzerland, 400 each; in Denmark and Sweden, 240 each. The quantity of beer produced in Great Britain was about 49,000,000 hectoliters (the hectoliter is equivalent to 22 gallons); in Germany, about 37,000,000; in the United States, 14,000,000; in Austria-Hungary, 11,000,000; in Belgium, 8,000,000; in France, 7,000,000; in Russia, 3,000,000; in Holland, 2,000,000, etc. Russia has the largest breweries, and there is an average production of 6,950 hectoliters in each, Denmark being credited in this respect which is 6,250 hectoliters to each brewery; Austria-Hungary, 4,770; the United States, 4,182; France, 2,355; Great Britain, 1,990; Germany, 1,650. Norway has the smallest breweries, with an average of 1,900 hectoliters.

Sharks' fins, dried, are sold in every Chinese shop in New York. They are imported from China. There are three kinds, of which the best are the fins of the white shark. These are worth \$3.50 per pound. The poorest kind, which are known as black shark fins, are sold for half as much and even less. Shark's fin is a popular dainty among Chinamen. It is salted and dried for export, and looks like a section of whalebone when raw, but boiled in water a gelatinous substance is extracted which is esteemed very savory.

A species of stew made of shark's fin, dried oysters, rice and peppers is a champion Chinese dish. Dried oysters are ordinary bivalves, extracted from the shell, dipped in salt and strung on strings to dry in the sun. They come from China and look for all the world like figs. John Chinaman infinitely prefers them to the freshest of fresh oysters he can buy here. Mussels, conks and clams are preserved by him in the same way.

## A LIKELY STORY.

A nurse was telling about a man who had become so terribly worn out by dissipation that he could not keep any food on his stomach, when one of her listeners asked:

"What does he live on, then?"

"On his relations, ma'am," answered his nurse.

"Yes, dear, but I'm not afraid anyway. The small-pox has to much sense to take a big strong man like me."

"Oh, it has, has it? Well, Topnoody, I wish I had been the small-pox when I was young."

"Why, dear, I thought you feared it mortally?"

"I know it, Topnoody; but if I'd been the small-pox then maybe I would have had too much sense to take you, too."

RIBBONS are now made with moire half the width, and the morecuse lace designs make up the other half; sometimes a watered stripe is run through the middle of the ribbon, and there are lace stripes on each edge.

## BLACK WALNUT CULTURE.

At the meeting of the Indiana State Board of Agriculture, Mr. W. H. Begon read a paper on black walnut, in which he gave the following directions for planting and cultivating: Prepare your ground by breaking and harrowing in the fall. Furrow it off each way as you would for corn, except that the rows should be about seven feet apart. Take the nuts fresh from the trees; it is not necessary that they should be hullled; placing two nuts in each crossing. This to insure getting a good stand. The nuts should be covered very shallow, just enough earth to hide them. In the spring the land should be harrowed off midway between the rows of nuts, and the spaces planted with corn sprouts. Cultivate as you would a corn crop by cross plowing, being careful to give the young trees a fair chance and good clean culture. The second spring thin out your plants to one tree to the hill. If there are spaces entirely missing, they may be filled by transplanting from the hills containing duplicates. The second and perhaps the third year it will pay to cultivate corn between the rows, after which the trees should be regularly cultivated until they fully occupy the ground so as to keep down by their shade all weeds and grass. The period at which cultivation may be discontinued can not be definitely stated, as much will depend on the character of the seasons and quality of the soil. Of course seven feet each way will be too close for permanent trees, but, as they will protect each other when small and make much better growth, it is preferable to have them closely planted. When they begin to grow the alternate tree in each row may be removed. The trees thus removed will be of sufficient size to be useful in various ways on the farm. A second thinning will, in a few years, be necessary, taking the alternate tree the other way. Your permanent trees will now stand fourteen feet apart each way, a sufficient distance for a number of years, though not for large trees, but the thinnings will always pay a large per cent. on the value of the ground occupied.

## OLDFOB AND OBJECT TEACHING.

"Object teaching" is not always successful, as the following incident, related by the *Youth's Companion*, will show: A gentleman calling him servant one day informed him he wished him to learn the names of books in the Bible.

"Now," said he, "I will tell you the first and during the day I will ask you what it is to see if you remember; it is Genesis."

Later in the day Bob was called, but he could not remember what it was.

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